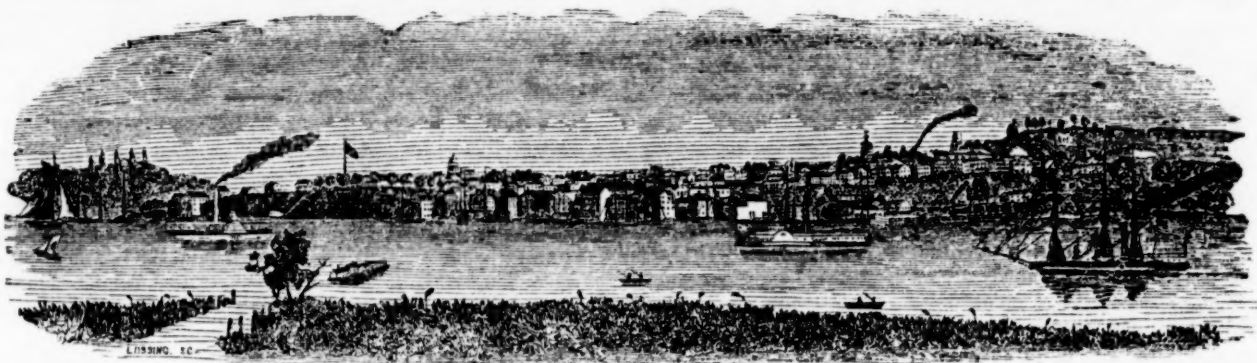


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



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QUEEN HENRIETTA.



QUEEN HENRIETTA was the wife of the unfortunate Charles I. king of England and daughter of Henry IV. and Mary de Medicis, of France.

Howell, in one of his letters, dated "London, 16th May, 1626," thus describes this beautiful and accomplished princess:—"We have now a most noble new queen of England, who in true beauty, is much beyond the long-woo'd infant. The daughter of France—this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection. She had a rough passage in her transference to Dover Castle. There were a goodly train of choice ladies attended her coming upon the bowling green, at Barham Downs, upon the way, who divided themselves into two rows, and they appeared like so many constellations; but me-thought the country ladies outshined the courtiers.

The queen brought over with her two hundred thousand crown in gold and silver, as half her por-

tion, and the other moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suit of servants (by article) are to be French; and as they die, English are to succeed. She is allowed twenty-eight ecclesiastics of my order, except jesuits; a bishop for her almoner; and to have private exercise of her religion for herself, and for her servant.

Howell, in a letter dated March 15, 1626, says:—"The French that came over with her Majesty, for their petulancies and some misdemeanors and imposing some odd penances upon the queen, are all cashiered this week. It was a thing suddenly done; for about one of the clock, as they were at dinner, my Lord Conway and Sir Thomas Edmondes, came with an order from the king, that they must instantly away to Somerset House, for there were barges and coaches staying for them, and there they should have all their wages paid them to a penny, and so they must be content to quit the kingdom. This sudden undreamed of order, struck an astonishment into them all, both men and women; and running to complain to the

queen, his majesty had taken her before into his bed chamber, and locked the door upon them, till he had told her how matters stood. The queen fell into a violent passion, broke the glass windows, and tore her hair, but she was cooled afterward. Just such a destiny happened in France, some years since, to the queen's Spanish servants there, who were all dismissed in like manner, for some miscarriage. The like was done in Spain to the French, therefore 'tis no new thing."

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE MUTE DOCTOR,

OR THE

MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION—BY M. L. S.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Mysterious Dwelling and the Escape.

At a period when smuggling was far more fashionable and lucrative than at present, a large stone house was erected in the south-eastern part of the city, by a company of those who made fortunes in this way. Its external appearance much resembled any other dwelling of those times. It was large, square and somewhat in the Dutch fashion, with a wooden stoop or piazza running around three sides of it. Large blinds of the original color of the wood, covered the windows, or what ought to have been such, for in truth there was but one window, the remaining places being filled with stone; the house was lighted at all hours by means of lamps. There was also a stout oaken door, which to all outward appearance answered a substantial purpose, yet it covered no entrance. It was—like the window blinds—a falsity.

All that was exposed to the eye was fair and differed not excepting in its solidity, from many buildings then in use; but underground there was a suite of rooms used for various convivial purposes as well as for the secretion of treasures. The only method of entering the building was by means of various subterranean channels, one of which had an outlet upon the sea-shore, another in the cabin already mentioned and some others, less used, in various parts of the city. Much wealth had been con-

ceased there and the most vigilant efforts of government were defied.

At length the original occupants of the building disappeared after the regular course of nature, and it fell into the hands of a band of gentlemen gamblers and pick-pockets, who much preferred darkness for their deeds.

The apartments were large, high and furnished in handsome style with one exception. The furniture having been brought from nearly all parts of the globe would have formed a curious assemblage for the inspection of an antiquarian.

The apartment in which Bernard was confined, contained the only real window in the building, and was separated from the adjoining room by a stone partition with a door of the same material, so nicely fitting, that when closed, it was nearly impossible for a stranger to discover it.—This was used as a place of the utmost concealment of money or persons.—It was in the principal parlor that Emily had been placed and was left by Dr. Boyd.

Secure in the bodily and mental prostration of one prisoner, the timidity and childhood of the other, and in the total ignorance of each in regard to the other, he had not deemed it necessary to fasten their doors. Bernard's he had left much ajar.

Emily had been so accustomed to grapple with realities that she knew nothing of imaginary sorrows and difficulties. When, therefore, she found herself really alone, with no human being near to assist or comfort her, she began to rely upon herself and felt her courage strengthen as she regained calmness and serenity. For half an hour she sat quite still and thought of many ways by which she could attempt to escape. "I will do what I can," said she at the expiration of that period.—Pushing open the door of the parlor, she perceived that she stood in a large room, furnished with rows of cushioned seats of an antique fashion, and a table covered with a velvet spread in the centre.

It might have been a council chamber for the honorable band of smugglers, or it might have been used for very different purposes. It did not reveal itself, but gave back in answer to Emily's gaze a cheerless and solitary look.

A lamp burned upon the table. By taking it in her hand she discovered the door by which they had entered, and when open, it revealed to her the long flight of stone steps up which she had been carried. She also perceived that at a short distance from the top, this flight diverged into another that terminated upon a platform. From this direction proceeded sounds which she had for a long time distinctly heard.

Hoping to find a less fearful mode of escape, Emily carefully searched the room for another door. Accidently perceiving the unevenness in the partition which she supposed to be the outer wall of the building from its being of stone, she flew to it, regarding it as a far more natural egress into the street.

Exerting all her strength, she succeeded, after many failures in forcing the door open. Her astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of the open street which she had fancied, she saw, extended on a low couch close to the door, a young man in full dress, somewhat bloody and apparently in a profound sleep. She instantly withdrew, when the thought occurred to her that it might be some one wounded and like herself a prisoner. Taking the lamp, she again entered the closet and permitted its rays to fall for an instant upon the face of the sleeper.

A slight scream burst from her lips, but resolutely combatting the effects of her fear, excitement, and sudden discovery, she placed the lamp upon the stand which, with the bed, was the only furniture possible for the room to contain, and said in a low, earnest tone,

"Bernard, my brother, awake. It is Emily who calls you," shaking him gently and rubbing his forehead and hands to arouse him.

Suddenly the young man started, opened his eyes, and stared vacantly about, comprehending nothing, till the sweet voice of his visitor again besought him to throw off his stupor and recognize her. For an instant he shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed intently at Emily, during which his recollections returned, and feebly clasping the young girl in his arms, he enquired how she came into that fearful and mysterious dwelling. In a few words she told him all. A flash of anger and revenge burned upon his cheek. "For my sake you have been exposed to all this and I sleeping profoundly. Curses on the drugs which filled the water and stupified me. Ten thousand curses on him who planned all this."

"Never mind now, Bernard," she said hastily and fearful of discovery, "You must eat something and then we will escape if you can walk, if not I will remain."

She quietly and quickly returned to the parlor she had left and brought a decanter of wine from the sideboard. Bernard swallowed some of it, and with Emily's assistance arose and found that he could walk, but with difficulty; indeed he was forced to lean upon the arm of the slender child, instead of supporting her. They took with them the wine, fearful that his strength would fail ere he had reached a place of safety. Placing the lamps upon the table, they closed the doors as before and silently passed down the steps into total darkness.

Though Bernard was wholly unconscious of the time of day, and to Emily it seemed hours since she had previously entered that dark passage, it was in reality but eight in the evening. All the circumstances of their departure had been rapid from their fear of detection.

They had hurried along the passage without speaking, when suddenly they heard the sound of voices approaching much more rapidly than it was in their power to proceed. They hastened, hoping in some way to escape. At this moment Emily felt an angle in the wall and hastily pulled her companion into a path which diverged from the principal one. Feeling secure they paused a moment to listen.

"Is he dead?" asked a voice which to Emily sounded like the one which had decoyed her from her mother's protection, and which Bernard recognized as belonging to the man by whom he was beaten.

"No, not quite," replied another, which both knew perfectly well. "I do not wish him to die, there would be a noise, he is so well liked; but he will sleep pretty soundly for a week to come, and meanwhile my affairs will be arranged."

"That is a pretty bird I brought to your cage," said the first speaker. "I cannot much blame him for cheating you."

"Yes, a dainty creature," replied the Doctor, "and so timid that I did not even fasten the door. But she does not in the least comprehend my passion for her, and one cannot injure her with those large beseeching eyes fixed upon him."

The speakers were now past hearing. Doctor

Boyd was going to meet an engagement of much importance, the particulars of which will soon be revealed.

Our released prisoners once more pursued their way. Emily, terrified and trembling at the dangers she had escaped, and that she must still encounter, and Bernard scarcely able to restrain his anger at what he termed the "presumption" of Boyd in daring to appropriate Emily to himself. His agitation nearly overpowered him. The extreme dampness and chillness of this channel, on which account it was seldom used, added to their discomfort, and soon visions of snakes and reptiles began to creep into Emily's mind as she felt the wet and slimy ground upon which they walked. With true womanly devotedness and tenderness, she concealed her own terrors, and supported, and cheered, to the utmost of her strength, her wounded friend, whom a long stupor had deprived of nearly all energy. At length they heard the roar of water, and Bernard knew the outlet must be near. Presently their way became obstructed by a quantity of wild shrubs intermingled with stones and sand. Here was a new difficulty. Bernard sank down exhausted and Emily again produced the wine. The excitement was once more kindled and both began to dig away the opposing substances with their hands. A small aperture was formed through which they forced themselves, though not easily. Emerging from beneath the cliff, they found themselves in the pure evening air, with a starry sky above them and the broad sparkling ocean at their feet.

With many stoppings to rest, and much weariness, they found their way into the city, and soon after to a carriage in which they departed for the house of Mr. Gastone.

CHAPTER XV.

The Power of Passion.

Scarcely six weeks had passed since Mrs. Gastone deserted her lover, and not four, since she entered the elegant and luxurious home a forgiving and devoted husband had provided for her. The mansion which he had purchased was not out of the city, though somewhat retired from its bustle, upon the bank of the Hudson.

Its western balcony overlooked the waters of that noble river, and was only separated from it by a beautifully flowered terrace and a smooth green lawn descending with a gentle slope to the water's edge. Upon this balcony were playing two children, and within a parlor whose deep windows opened upon it, sat Mrs. Gastone. She lounging in a chair covered with crimson velvet, whose soft cushions gracefully yielded to her light and delicate figure.

On one slender hand reposed her head, bent forward as if in intense thought respecting a splendid bouquet of exotics which reposed in the other. Among these flowers was most artfully coiled a slip of paper containing these words. "Hast thou wholly forgotten thy love promise?" "Forgotten!" she repeated slowly, "Oh! would that I could redeem it. My present happiness fades even in its commencement. My heart is not in it," and a large tear gathered in one eye and fell upon the bouquet.

Hearing her husband's step upon the stairs, she hastily crushed the paper in her hand and immersed the flowers in a vase of water. Mr. Gastone entered with his usually quick step and drawing a chair sat beside his wife with an expression of love

and peculiar satisfaction upon his pale and rather sharp features.

The enchanting prospect from the open windows of the lawn, the river, the distant shore and the merry voices of happy children caused his heart to expand with a hitherto unknown joy. He spoke of these to Bella and urged her to often breathe the balmy air. Then casting his eyes upon a clock of foreign manufacture standing in a small recess in the chimney, he said, "But I must leave you now, Bella. The officers of several banks have an official meeting, and after that, a supper, which will detain me till a late hour. Can you make yourself happy? Do not sit up for me." Then giving her an embrace in which she slightly participated and a kiss which she did not return, he bade her adieu, and springing into his already waiting carriage drove rapidly away.

As he left the apartment, Mrs. Gastone arose with an impatient movement, and going to a closet, hastily washed the cheek upon which her husband had pressed his lips, murmuring in a low voice, "I cannot bear all this. I know I am vile, I have horribly deceived him and continue to do so. But I deceived myself still more when I supposed I could be happy here. Would that I had never entered it; everything silently reproaches me with my guilt. True, Adrian, has purchased this beautiful residence to console me for remaining in this country, when I do so much desire to go to my father's home, and I ought to be grateful, but I cannot force the feeling and it is but too true that my heart turns sadly and coldly away from his every effort to awaken in it a love for him."

"I would once more behold his face, again listen to the clear, silvery voice that day and night rings in my ear and calls me to his side. Heaven forgive me, if the wish be sinful, but it is the one uppermost in my heart."

Thus soliloquizing, she leaned over the railing of the balcony from which the children had retired. Suddenly, there fell upon her ear a strain of wild and thrilling melody. The words were distinctly articulated. It was a song which she had often sung with him in their days of love. Her eyes became dilated, the hot blood flooded her face and neck with a deep and burning crimson.

Scarcely conscious of her movements, she darted down the steps, passed over the flowered terrace, and found herself in an instant upon the velvet turf half way to the water's edge. For a moment she paused. That her cheek still burned, and her eye shot fire in its eager restlessness, was visible in the clear, unclouded moonlight; her bosom heaved with contending emotions. Continuing to walk, though somewhat more slowly than at first, she leaned over the wall which separated the grounds from the river.

The music, which had gradually melted to a low warbling, ceased; a light boat was moored beneath her, and a familiar, but subdued voice, exclaimed, "Bella, my long absent, Bella!" Suppressing a faint exclamation which sprang to her lips, she replied almost in a whisper, "Why are you here, Walter?"

"Why am I here," he repeated in a rich musical voice, "rather ask why I should not be here. Can bars and bolts, or even the jealous eye of your husband keep me from you? You wished to see me, Bella, or you would not have flown so quickly from the balcony at the sound of my voice."

"Absurd! Walter," she replied, assuming an

indifference strangely contrasting with her real emotions, "I merely came to take the air, and shall return in a moment. See what a splendid mansion my husband has purchased; ought I not to be contented?"

"I recognise no such obligations," he replied, "You do not love him; and I know you can but pity me whose heart is being crushed with its unreturned love for you? Come, Bella, the gate is unlocked come out upon the water with me, I have much to say to you."

She hesitated. Much was pending upon the decision of that moment. Husband, children, duty—all called her homeward with a clear voice, but passion's sway was more urgent than ever, and in a moment she was clasped in her lover's arms. "Oh! that I had never been forced to leave you," she murmured, as he placed her in the boat, drew her to his bosom, and pressed his polluted lips to her fair white brow. Gently guiding the boat with one hand, while with the other arm he encircled her, they glided on for a few moments in silence, she enjoying the luxury of again being with one so passionately loved, and he—the loved one—secretly triumphing in the success of his plan.

He addressed her in the accustomed tones and words of adoration, and she sighed from excess of happiness. "Why, Bella, did you leave me?" he asked, at length.

She gave him a history of the circumstances, and added, that she had long desired to return to him.

"It will be quite easy to leave him now. I know I was sometimes harsh to you; it was the effect of excitement. I have bitterly repented it, and swear never to repeat the like again. My love for you has, instead of being chilled, been strengthened by each day of your absence, till I am now wholly under its control. If you refuse to bless my life with your constant presence, I know not what act of self destruction I may not be reduced to. To endure life without you, is condemning myself to a wearisome and painful existence with no gleam of hope—with dark despair for my bosom guest. Will you be mine?"

"Yes, I promise," replied Bella, bewildered with his assumed expression of wild and hopeless despair; "I will go with you, but not to-night. Nay, do not distrust my word. I will be faithful. Is not my love a sure bond? I am already weary of that splendid home. There is in my heart no response to his love. I am degraded too; nought therefore remains to me but my love for you. My husband is frequently absent, and if you will return during one of those absences, I will bid them adieu forever," and with a sweet, confiding smile, she laid her hand within his own.

"I will secure his absence to-morrow night," he replied, after a moment's thought. "Will you meet me here. Shall I trust you?"

"By all that I hold sacred—by the deep love which burns in my soul for you—I promise to be at your side by ten to-morrow night. I will not fail."

Guiding the boat to the foot of the stone steps from which he had taken Mrs. Gastone, he placed her there, saying, as he embraced her affectionately, "A few hours more, my idol, and we shall meet, not again to be separated. How impatiently I await the blissful moment." She noiselessly sought her own apartment, fearful of attracting the attention of the servants, and sat down to dream over the events of the past hour and—wait for her husband.

Meanwhile the object of her impassioned night vision was engaged in a far different pursuit.

This interview took place on the evening of the day in which Bernard and Emily first met in their public promenade. The gentleman in a cloak—no other than Dr. Boyd—had listened with eagerness to their conversation, learned the place of Mrs. Gastone's residence, and the anticipated meeting that evening between the young lovers. He deemed these accidental, but important discoveries, a part of his "peculiar luck." Convinced, by what he had heard, of the treachery of Bernard, he resolved to be a witness to the interview and to execute his vengeance without delay. Without protection, Emily might again be to his power. At an early hour he lingered with a chosen companion about the mansion of Mr. Gastone, till he saw Bernard enter, and perceived through the unclosed shutters that he was conversing with the beautiful girl and her mother.

Leaving them to the watch of his companion, who was to detain Bernard should he attempt to depart before his own reappearance, he hastened to a boatman whom he had induced to wait upon the river for him, and who remained on shore during his brief sail and interview with his lady-love.

Parting with Mrs. Gastone, he moored the boat in its accustomed place, slipped a piece of gold into the hand of the delighted owner, engaged it for the following night, and returned to the scene of previous plan, with a smile of triumph upon his handsome features. With the circumstances of his attack upon Bernard and subsequently confining and stupifying him in his store closet of the "mysterious dwelling," the reader is already acquainted. The following day, Emily was decoyed from her mother's side, and also made a prisoner in the same mansion.

The engagement to which Boyd alluded in his short interview with Emily, was assisting Mrs. Gastone in her final departure from an elegant and luxurious home. After leaving Emily, he had gone to an apartment beneath the one she occupied, and spent an hour with some companions of his own stamp, whom he wished to conciliate, that he might procure money in case of the failure of his own funds, which were already low. The few remarks heard by Bernard and Emily in their escape, were a part of a conversation in which he lauded his plans and gloried in his success. Bernard and Emily, he supposed secure, and he was flying to the arms of one who deserted all the luxuries of wealth, station, and a devoted husband for him. "Lucky, surely!"

During the day, Mrs. Gastone was noticed by her husband, to be pale and spiritless, betraying at one time a perfect abstraction of thought from all surrounding objects, and again an insupportable internal agitation. To his many inquiries she returned the ordinary plea of head-ache when heart ache would have been far nearer the truth. Oppressed by his tenderness, and by the load of sorrow which she knew her anticipated departure would bring upon him, she at length declared herself ill, and retired to her sleeping apartment, begging to be left entirely quiet. She knew that her husband loved her now, but aware of the deep and fiery passion which possessed him at times, she rightly judged that her second desertion would change that enthusiastic love to bitter hatred, and a desire for revenge. When, therefore, he came to her as she lay upon the sofa, announced that a new and

unexpected engagement called him from her and would detain him a part of the night, kindly urged every consideration which the most engrossed affection could suggest respecting her health, and tenderly pressed his lips to hers, she longed, *for a moment*, to throw herself into his arms, communicate all, and implore him to save her from herself; this passed quickly away, and as the door closed quickly upon him, she only wondered from what source this momentary impulse had sprung.

Collecting her jewels and what money she could command, she placed them with a few articles of dress in a basket, and destroyed whatever papers she did not wish to meet her husband's eye. As a last item in her preparation, she went to the sleeping apartment of her children.

Could anything have called her to herself and a recollection of her outraged duties, it must have been the sweet faces of those beautiful beings; but their innocence was a constant and living reproach to her. She could no longer endure this silent rebuke; her heart longed to mingle its passionate love with that of the only being whose affection she now desired.

She was to leave him, and when the thought of that separation occurred to her, she was again strongly tempted to violate her guilty promise. The consciousness of real degradation mantled her cheek with a burning blush and every other feeling was subdued. A sudden chill seized her as she stooped to kiss their fair soft cheeks, and hastily glancing at each through her tears, she left their room, as if fearful that she should be deprived of the power of meeting her lover. The struggle in her heart was severe; passion had nearly yielded to maternal devotion.

As the little clock struck the hour of ten, Mrs. Gastone, with a throbbing heart, stole quietly over the terrace and threw around an anxious glance to be sure that she was alone. Reaching the stone steps at the bottom of the lawn her lover passed from the shadow of an angle of the wall, and without speaking, excepting to pronounce her name in a low earnest voice, gently clasped her in his arms and placed her in the boat. Nor was the basket forgotten; supposing it contained some treasures, Dr. Boyd was particularly mindful of its safety.

A short sail brought them to a carriage in waiting, and driving to some splendid apartments, he desired that she would be perfectly at home. Never had he been more winning, courteous or loving; never had he displayed his varied conversational powers with more perfect ability; never had she been more luxuriously accommodated, but she was not happy. The images of her forsaken children stood before her, pale, helpless, and appealing to her affection. Her husband too, was even present to her sleeping fancy, sometimes with soft, earnest pleadings, beseeching her return, and again, with stern and cold severity, reproaching her unfaithfulness. Gladly she threw off the sleep which brought only these wearisome and restless dreams and indulged in brighter waking anticipations for the future.

"Fortune again prospers me," soliloquised the Doctor on that important night. "The haughty wife of Gastone is again in my arms; ere this time to-morrow, she will be an humble suppliant at my feet, but little mercy will she get. She deserted me and I never forgive an injury; she shall suffer also for the insults I have received from the fiery

husband. Ah! Bella, you little dream of the misery to which you have reduced yourself. But I will not relent. I will have my revenge and then fly on love's swiftest wings to the shy bird I've so nicely caged. She will soon cease her poutings and receive me as her lover. And Bernard—ah! there's the pinch, I cannot kill him, and when he has slept off the drugs I have given him, he will be like so many devils. This shall be my future consideration. Meanwhile, I will play the haughty tyrant to Bella, and the soft, pleading suppliant lover to Emily."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Commotion in the House of Mr. Gastone and elsewhere.

At eleven on the night of his wife's departure, Mr. Gastone returned in a bad humor from the city, having been decoyed and detained thither by a false notice.

Catherine was waiting with much alarm, which was increased by her own illness that day, for the return of Emily from her supposed visit to her sick friend. She had that morning met Dr. Boyd in her walk, and having now some idea of the extent of his villainy, she became greatly distressed and blamed herself much for permitting her to go without accompanying her. Mr. Gastone soothed the distressed woman as well as his own ruffled feelings would permit and hastened to the parlor to communicate their troubles to his wife.

She was not there—what could it mean! A sudden presentiment of coming evil seized him. He hastily opened the doors into every apartment called Bella, in loud, earnest tones. At last he rushed down to Catherine, and with a countenance from which she shrunk, so terrible was its expression, and with a forced and terrific calmness inquired for Mrs. Gastone. Catherine had seen her enter the children's apartment at six o'clock; since then, she knew nothing of her. "Has any one been here to-night?" he asked in the same voice. She had seen no one. Together they searched the house and gardens; she was no where to be found.

When a certainty of her second elopement fixed itself beyond a doubt in the mind of Mr. Gastone, he sank into a death-like stupor. Not a muscle of his pale and rigid countenance moved; he stood with folded arms and drooping head, the image of mute despair.

He did not doubt with whom she had gone, and that all his kindness and forgiving love had been in vain, produced in him an overwhelming agony too powerful for words. An hour afterwards he was aroused by the return of Emily, trembling and frightened, accompanied by Bernard scarcely able to stand, and who begged to be allowed a bed till he should be able to communicate to Mr. Gastone and Catherine what he wished. Fancying the arrival of Bernard to have some connection with the departure of his wife, he ordered him a bed and all necessary means for his immediate recovery.

The prostration accruing from long abstinence from food, and from a bruised and wounded body, together with the faintness and languor which always follows a stupor produced by opium, confined him to the bed a few days. Meanwhile he had given Mr. Gastone the most detailed accounts of Boyd, and stated the determination which had been expressed by him to use all possible means to again separate her from her husband. "He has succeeded and shall endure the penalty," ejaculated the injured man with an energy that startled Bernard

from his pillow, and continued to pace the floor with wild and rapid steps.

In Mr. Gastone's calmer moments, Bernard related to him something of his own history, and the change about taking place in his mode of life for which he was already suffering. Mr. G——, a man of much natural benevolence, and strong sympathies—became deeply interested in him as one who needed assistance and encouragement, and as a pioneer in searching out Boyd, with whose private retreats he was well acquainted, and requested him to consider his house as his home for the present.

Mr. Gastone by no means remained inactive during the week of Bernard's illness; every precaution was taken, every possible inquiry made, sufficient aid procured, and they now only waited the recovery of the young man to attack the "mysterious dwelling" in which he had been confined, and to which he strongly suspected Mrs. Gastone had been conveyed.

Meanwhile Emily had related to her mother all that had transpired, and was recovering from the fright and exposure of that dreadful night. Catherine was convinced that Dr. Boyd was the father of Emily, though she did not communicate this fact to her daughter, and hoped she would never learn it. She determined to remove with her from the city and thus secure herself and child from his persecutions. A succession of unexpected circumstances prevented her acting according to this resolution.

Ten days had passed, and Bernard excited by the remembrance of Emily's and his own grievances and the sufferings of Mr. Gastone, declared his ability to engage in any acts of intrigue or daring to secure the fiend in human form who had destroyed their peace. Mr. Gastone had already given notice to the police of the existence and character of the house, and the fact that it was the haunt of notorious gamblers of whom they had long been in search.

Several officers armed to the teeth, accompanied by two stout men, Gastone and Bernard, at length started for the entrance upon the sea-shore, fancying they could thus render their approach more sure, than by the common method. With some difficulty they cleared the passage, and arrived unmolested at the foot of the stairs. Pausing a moment to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded, Bernard led them to the basement room, the stone door of which was evidently barred within. Not a crevice in the building emitted a ray of light. The noise within suddenly ceased with the first blow of a powerful hammer, and when an entrance was gained, the apartment was silent and dark. Bernard perfectly familiar with the geography of the place, soon furnished a light, stationed two men at the top of the steps on the outside, to prevent any one from leaving the upper rooms, and led the way up a circular stair-case to the council chamber before mentioned. He was prepared for a severe encounter whenever they met his former friends, aware that they were always well armed, particularly in their meetings there, and had frequent skirmishes among themselves. Not finding them in any apartments which they usually occupied, he proceeded to the one in which he had so lately been incarcerated. It required all his skill to find the door, and when found, it was for a long time as impenetrable as any part of the wall. At length they succeeded in opening it, and four men rushed upon them with the fury of tigers. A fierce

but brief contest succeeded in which they were overcome by superior numbers. One remained uninjured, one was severely wounded, the others slightly so. They were relieved of their weapons, handcuffed, fastened together, and compelled to march out at their usual entrance under guard of four armed men.

To the extreme dissatisfaction of Gastone and Bernard, Boyd was not to be found; they however proposed spending the night there in the hope that he would come as usual to join his associates. They partook of a variety of refreshments and wine, of which they found an abundance, meanwhile listening to Bernard's farther revelations respecting other secret places of meeting.

Within the following week this establishment so long a mystery, passed into the hands of the Government, and was opened to the inspection of every curious eye.

CHAPTER XVII.

The unmasked Villain.

No one can have forgotten the beautiful Malcen who fell a victim to the arts of the pretended Doctor, while playing the mite in Boston. The father returned immediately after receiving notice of the dangerous illness of his child. But he came alone. Upon comparing dates, it was found that his wife died only three days previous to the decease of his idolized daughter.

Mr. Dumont wept beside the grave of his only child, a broken-hearted man.

He learned from Mrs. Ellerton the particulars of her death and all she knew of the subsequent history of her destroyer. This was sufficient to reveal his character, and he secretly vowed to seek out, without delay, the fiend who had wrought desolation in so many homes, and punish him in some measure for his evil deeds.

It was during the week following the attack on the stone building, that, late one evening, as Gastone, just returned from his ever fruitless search, sat in his now desolate parlor, a crushed and sorrowing man. Anthony ushered in a tall and powerful stranger. It was some moments ere he recognized through the sun-burnt complexion of his visitor, the companion of his boyhood—the steadfast friend of his after life—Earnest Dumont. Cordial and sincere greetings were exchanged, though each perceived the bitterness which sat on the countenance of the other. Both were suffering from the same infernal villain, and with clasp hands they swore to part no more, till he had received vengeance from them.

At this moment Bernard entered. An introduction took place, and his presence seemed to arouse some long slumbering recollections in the mind of Mr. Dumont. He, however, said nothing, but listened with much interest to a statement made by Bernard. The latter had succeeded in tracing their common enemy to the residence of his wife, where he remained secreted much of the time. Bernard would have entered at once and demanded an interview, had not caution suggested to him that he would probably thus destroy Gastone's only hope of meeting him. It was therefore determined that all three should repair to the house of his wife, inform her of the proceedings with what delicacy they could, and if absent, await his arrival.

A few moments passed in silence during which Mr. Gastone was enjoying the luxury of a coming revenge, Bernard was planning how best to execute it, and Dumont, forgetful of his grief, fixed

his eyes earnestly upon the young man. At last, he exclaimed, somewhat abruptly,

"Tell me your mother's maiden name."

"Elthea Dumont," replied he, sighing deeply, and drawing from his bosom a miniature of a lady whose features closely resembled both.

"My sister! my only sister!" exclaimed Mr. Dumont. From the moment you entered the room I was fascinated by your perfect resemblance to her. Are your parents living?"

Bernard shook his head mournfully, saying "that four years had passed since he saw them laid side, by side in a solitary tomb."

Brushing away a tear that gathered in his eye, Mr. Dumont remarked that his sister married for love in early life, was disinherited by an aristocratic father, had become poor, concealed her residence from him who would gladly have been her friend, and probably died from grief and mortification; for many years he had not been able to trace her at all. Then warmly grasping his nephew's hand, he said, while large tears rolled over his manly face,

"We are each alone in the world now; you have no parents—I, no wife, no child. Let us cling to each other. I have wealth beyond our utmost wishes and you shall be to me a son. Bernard knelt at the feet of his truly noble relative and received a father's blessing."

Mrs. Lawrence, whom we left in the quiet enjoyment of her comfortable cottage, was for a time made happy by the return of her husband; but finding that as his health returned he grew careless of her, and was always absent at night, her suspicions were somewhat aroused and she determined to watch him; still there was no thought that he was criminal, much less of the enormity of his crimes.

He contributed nothing to the support of his family on the plea of using all his available funds to establish himself in business, remarking that he was heartily glad to find them so independent of him. But it was only by dint of severe and protracted labour and close economy on the part of this delicate and self-sacrificing woman, that they were able thus to live.

She hung out a sign over her door, as cheap dress-maker, and it brought her a constant supply of work. The day on which Mr. Gastone and his friends were to repair to her house, had been previously appointed by her for the fitting of dresses for Catherine and Emily. They had already arrived at the shop of Mrs. Lawrence, it being no other than her front sitting-room, and were undergoing the necessary operations wholly unconscious of the scene that awaited them.

A loud and peremptory knock was heard at the street door. The occurrence was by no means a strange one, but for some unaccountable reason Mrs. L. became very pale as she laid down her work and proceeded to open it.

"Is your husband here, Madam?" said Mr. Gastone, adding, "I presume I am addressing the lady of the house."

Mrs. Lawrence bowed assent, and replied,

"My husband is only in at irregular intervals, but if you will walk in and sit in my humble apartment, I doubt not you will see him before long."

"Will the lady pardon me," said Mr. Dumont kindly and respectfully, "if I inquire by what name we may address her?"

"Mrs. Lawrence," she replied, her heart beating wildly at she knew not what dread anticipations.

"Pray, Madam, has your husband no other name?" asked Bernard, with a significant glance at his companions.

Mrs. Lawrence stared at him in surprise.

"I know of no reason," she replied, with a vain effort at calmness, "why he should appropriate any other name than the one he gave me."

"Because he is a villain, and desires to conceal his crimes," exclaimed Mr. Gastone, approaching the lady fiercely, as though she had been a partner of his guilt. Uttering a slight scream she started back, and Dumont at the same moment laid his hand on Gastone's arm saying,

"Calm yourself, my dear friend; this lady is doubtless ignorant of the enormous crimes committed by her husband, and in no wise an accomplice. Pardon him, madam, he has suffered intensely by the man you call husband, as I have also," and the blood mounted in two bright spots upon his cheeks, and the perspiration stood in great drops upon his noble brow at this effort of self-control, while Mr. Gastone, nearly consumed with impatience, paced the small apartment with rapid and unequal steps, his strong passions visible through the workings of his features; he was indeed frightful. Dumont, on the contrary, stood with arms folded, lips firmly compressed, his tall and powerful frame distended to the utmost and upon his countenance were mingled intense sorrow and suffocating rage.

Mrs. Lawrence, overwhelmed with the startling news respecting her husband, by which her worst anticipations were more than actualized, had sunk pale and motionless into a chair, a powerless victim of another's guilt.

Bernard was beside the trembling Emily, endeavoring to persuade her to return home, but she only clung the closer to her mother, who sat quite still in one corner of the room, not knowing whether to stay or go.

At this moment Boyd was distinctly seen by all to pass a window, on his way to the back entrance of the house. His appearance was much disguised.

With true womanly instinct, Mrs. Lawrence darted to the door to prevent him from coming in, but quick as lightning, Bernard caught her arm and said in a hurried and fearful whisper,

"We must meet; you cannot delay our vengeance," and drew her back. This movement was so rapid that it was scarcely perceived.

Boyd entered hastily like one pursued, and was two or three steps in the room before he perceived the persons it contained. Instantly a smile began to spread itself over his countenance; it was suddenly checked by Gastone's tight grasp upon his throat and the exclamation,

"Villain, thief, liar, where have you secreted my wife? Tell me instantly or you die."

The blood was forced to the Doctor's face by the violence of the attack, and the first effort was to free himself. This however, he would not have accomplished, had not Dumont released him, fearful he would be strangled ere his time arrived.—The women shrieked in terror, while the two men seemed only bent on giving vent to the pent up rage of months.

"You do not know me, I suppose," said Dumont measuring him from head to foot with a glance of withering contempt, "but doubtless you remember the beautiful Malcen whom you crushed into an early grave; you can remember that, villain; also the money your rascality won from her forgiving generous heart. Tell me do you remember?"

"And my wife," again roared Gastone in his ears. "The being you have seduced and dishonored; who but for you, would now be the pride and joy of a happy home. Speak or I dash out your brains on the instant."

Boyd was nearly suffocating with rage, when, by an effort at self-control almost super-human, which caused his lips and brow to become livid, he replied,

"Gentlemen, you seek and attack me in a most extraordinary manner; let us retire from the presence of these ladies and I will convince you that you are wholly mistaken in the individual. Mary, my love, do not be alarmed; here is some strange misunderstanding. I shall soon prove myself quite innocent."

"We have no time to listen to your smooth lies," exclaimed Gastone, maddened by Boyd's apparent imperturbance. "You have robbed my house of its choicest ornament; speak! where is she—my wife?" and again he seized him by the throat.—Dumont once more released him, saying,

"Control yourself, my dear friend, if possible; he shall not escape but first permit him to reply to the various accusations against him," and his own giant frame trembled as he endeavored to quiet his angry emotions and speak with tolerable calmness to the guilty man who had made his home desolate.

"I ask not for my beautiful one; the grave cannot restore its occupant; but where is the money your false story won from her. Listen to this;" and drawing a letter from his pocket, the one addressed to Maleen, by Dr. Boyd, he read the part containing the history of his pretended love.

"I am surprised," replied Dr. Boyd in a tone of injured innocence, "that a stranger should give utterance to such unusual charges. Believe me, I am totally ignorant of yourself, your daughter, her money, and especially of the letter which you seem to consider so important an evidence against me. You address me as Dr. Boyd, which is very singular. My name is, and ever has been, Augustine Lawrence. Permit me now to relieve myself of your hands; they are quite heavy and I am not accustomed to such unceremonious treatment of my person. I should indeed be a villain, as you are pleased, though most unjustly, to style me, had I caused the death of your daughter. By the Powers above, I swear I know nothing of all this. You mistake my individuality."

"My wife!" again demanded Gastone, with a fearful countenance and voice.

"Your wife!" replied the immovable man, "surely you would not do me the injustice, here in the presence of my own lovely Mary, to charge me with any claims upon your wife or any knowledge of her. Come here, Mary, and assist me in asserting my innocence. If you are suffering from any indiscretion of your wife, I trust sir, that I am not to be made responsible for her faults. I pray you, sir, be satisfied and make your hold upon me less severe, or I shall forcibly remove myself, and I should much regret anything like violence here," and he glanced at the corner, where pale and terrified sat Catherine and her daughter. He evidently recognized the former for the first time, for his cheek blanched and his lip quivered with internal agitation. He exhibited no other sign of recognition.

Bernard who had hitherto remained silent now appeared before the guilty man.

"You cannot fail to recognize me—your old companion—whom you left to die of starvation,—

I escaped, it matters not how, and I stand here to accuse you of the intention to murder me, and also of the abduction of this young girl," and he related in full the agreement made by Boyd with him for securing and delivering Emily to him. A close observer might have detected a growing palor on Boyd's cheek as these particulars were detailed in a clear voice and with perfect self-possession, and as Emily replied to Mr. Dumont's appeal to her, "It is all true, sir," but the same smile curled his lip and an unchangeable blandness sat upon his countenance. He replied,

"It seems a wild romance in which I am compelled to figure, and I assure you, gentlemen, I stand here wholly ignorant of the object to be attained or the reason why I am made to bear a multitude of sins. Let this scene be brought to a close. I am heartily sick of what is a disgrace to those who bear the name of gentlemen, and an insult to the persons and purity of these respectable ladies," and he turned his eyes somewhat fiercely upon Catherine.

"It is a pity this thought did not occur to you before," hastily rejoined Mr. Gastone, permitting his grief for a moment to become absorbed in the injuries of another.

"Come here, Catherine Manning," and placing her directly in front of Boyd, continued, "Do you remember her, whom, as Henry Mattoon, you found years since an innocent and light hearted maiden and whom, under a solemn promise of marriage, you seduced, robbed her of her father's wedding gift, and then deserted? Tell me, will your memory, so treacherous in more recent affairs, extend back fifteen years?"

Catherine shrank not, but fixing her eye steadily upon him and encircling Emily with her arm, said with much emphasis,

"This is your daughter, she whom you would have ruined. Look upon her; every feature is your own; that fair, full brow, those glossy ringlets and soft, dark eyes—all—all your own, but thank God! she has not the blackness of her father's heart.—You sent my mother to an untimely grave, made my father a maniac and my own heart a desolate and withered thing; and yet, I, whom you have made an outcast from my own loved home—a thing to be scorned and trodden upon—I curse you not. Oh God!" she cried, raising her clasped hands to heaven, "enable me to forgive him, as I wish to be forgiven."

A heart-rending groan burst from the lips of Mrs. Lawrence, and she sunk into Emily's arms, who hastened to prevent her fall.

When Catherine addressed Boyd, every expression of forbearance deserted his countenance, and rage, hatred, revenge and recklessness were depicted upon it. A low, hateful laugh burst from his lips as he exclaimed,

"You take much pleasure in coming here to reveal your guilt; doubtless it is a life to which you are well accustomed; pity you had not brought your whole troop of children to impose them upon me. Out upon you, vile creature that you are," and he spurned her with his foot.

These insults to an already deeply injured woman removed all barriers; the measure of his iniquity was full. With a strong and muscular hand Dumont prostrated him upon the floor, and Bernard at the same moment, gave him a blow which drew the blood from his mouth and nose. Gastone was struggling to free himself from the grasp of

Mrs. Lawrence, who clung to him in wild terror, beseeching him in the most imploring accents to spare the life of her husband, even though guilty.

At last she fell exhausted and pushing her into Catherine's arms, he flew to the prostrate man and began dealing out such blows as would soon have ended his life. Boyd begged for mercy, acknowledged his guilt and offered to make such amends as were in his power.

At last, after a most severe castigation, they restrained themselves, and Gastone exclaimed, still holding him down,

"On one condition only, shall you rise!"

"Release me," cried Boyd incoherently, nearly suffocated with the pressure upon him, "and I obey all—nothing is too much. O release me!"

"Swear to us that you will conduct us at once to the residence of my wife," and he raised himself a little that he might have power to reply.

"I do swear by all my past sins, to take you to her; release me or I shall die."

"Spare him, O, spare him," exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence now revived, and Emily with little Hetty knelt to Mr. Dumont to beg the life of their guilty parent.

They suffered him to rise, but did not for a moment relinquish their hold upon him.

"Prepare yourself immediately to depart," said Mr. Gastone. "Mr. Dumont will accompany us, and Bernard will remain here."

"But," replied Boyd, apparently subdued, "when I came in, the Police were active pursuit of me; if we go out before dark, they may take me from you before I can show you the place of your wife's concealment."

"Proceed to bath your face; we will protect you till our purposes are accomplished," replied Dumont, watching his movements closely.

Forcing a calmness far enough from her heart, Mrs. Lawrence took the hand of her guilty husband in her own, and gently pressed it to her bosom; she could not speak. For a solitary second he seemed subdued by her touching and forgiving love; then hastily pulling away his hand, he said angrily,

"Take care of yourself; you will never more be troubled with my presence."

With a piercing cry, she fell in a deathly swoon and he—the cause of all this misery—proceeded into the street guarded on either side.

During the walk which Boyd rendered long and intricate, in the hope of finding an opportunity to escape, we will return to Mrs. Gastone as we left her upon the night of her elopement.

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO FOXES.

MRS. CHILD, in her letter from New-York, vouches for the authenticity of the following incident in natural history. "He (the narrator) was one day in the field near stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one of them disappear under the water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the goose in its mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for a man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves and scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up carefully.

Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance beyond the geese, and floated carelessly along with merely the tip of his nose above the water. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese took the alarm and flew away with loud cackling. The fox finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief soon returned with another fox he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along merrily, swiveling their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves, but lo! his dinner had disappeared; he looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted any goose was there as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality as all sham, and himself insulted.—His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified host could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly against him, for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways with a sneaking glance at his disappointment companion. Indignant at what he supposed an attempt to get up character on false pretences, the offended guest seized his offended host and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard born the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off as if conscious that he had received no more than might be naturally expected under such circumstances."

COMMERCE—GRAB GAME.

THE monkeys is Exeter Change used to be confined in a line of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the centre of its tenant's food. Chancing to be present one evening at supper time, we observed that when all the monkeys were supplied with messes, scarcely any one of them ate out of his own pan. Each thrust his arm through the bars, and robbed his right or left hand neighbor. Half of what was so seized was spilt and lost in the conveyance, and while one monkey was so unprofitable employed in plundering, his own pan was exposed to similar depredation. The mingled knavery and absurdity was shockingly human. Had a monkey reviewer, however, admonished the tribe of the aggregate of loss to the animal stomach, and beseeched them to commence the reform of honesty, each on himself, what monkey would have had sufficient reliance on his neighbor's honesty to commence the virtue of forbearance? Placing the cages more apart seemed the more rational scheme of reform.

LOW BIRTH

An incitement to high deeds, and the attainment of lofty station. Many of our greatest men have sprung from the humble origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars the nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulants to mental expansion, and the early frown of fortune the best security for her final smiles. A nobleman who pointed remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, latter exclaimed—"Your lordship only requires a little

poverty to make you a complete artist." The conversation turned upon the antiquity of different Italian houses, in the presence of Sextus V. when Pope, he maintained that his was the most illustrious of any, for being half unroofed, the light entered on all sides, a circumstance to which he attributed his having been enabled to exchange it for the Vatican.

"CURSE NOT THE RICH."

CURSING of any sort should be studiously avoided, as it can be productive of no good; but, on the contrary, is attended with much evil. The scriptures command us to "swear not at all, neither by heaven for it is God's throne, nor by the earth for it is his footstool." Cursing is entirely useless. It benefits no one, and can benefit no one. But especially should we not curse the rich. We are prone to curse them—and why? Simply because they are rich. When we see a man who is blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, we are apt to envy him. We think him possessed of happiness, free from every care, with nothing to disturb the peace and quietness of his mind. How mistaken an opinion! Riches bring care, pain and anxiety. The rich can ill be at rest with their gains. Then why ought we to "curse them?" We should never murmur nor repine at our lot. In the language of scripture, "give us neither poverty nor riches."

AUTO DE FE.—OR ACT OF FAITH.

ROASTING our fellow creatures alive, for the honor and glory of a God of mercy. The horrors of this diabolical spectacle, which was invariable beheld by both sexes and all ages with transports of triumph and delight, should eternally be borne in mind, that we may see to what brutal extremities intolerance will push us, if it be not checked in the very outset. Thanks to the progress of opinion the inquisition and its tortures are abolished; put fanatics, whether Romish or Reformed, still reserve, the right of punishing Heretics, (that is all those who differ from themselves on religious points,) with fire, pillory, imprisonment, and odium in this world; while they carefully retain the parting curse of the inquisition, "*Jam animam tuam trahimus Diabolo,*" and consign them to eternal fire in the next. This moral inquisition remains yet to be suppressed. It is only a postponed *auto de fe*. And all this hateful irreligion for the sake of religion! How truly may Christianity exclaim—"I fear not mine enemies, but save, oh! save me from my pretended friends."

LOVE.

THERE is such a thing as a love at first sight, deny it who may; and it is not necessarily a light or transitory feeling because it is sudden. Impressions are often made as indelibly by a glance, as some that grow from imperceptible beginning, still they become incorporated with our nature. Is not the fixed law of the universe, the needle to the pole, a sufficient guarantee for the existence of attraction? And who will say it is not of divine origin? The passion of love is so, too, when of the genuine kind. Reason and appreciation of character may, on longer acquaintance, deepen the impression, as streams their channels deeper wear, but the seal is set by a higher power than human will, and gives the stamp of happiness or misery to a whole life.

NOTHING MORE LIKELY.—An extravagant young gentleman, having a pair of beautiful gray horses, asked a friend who happened to be of a serious cast, what he thought of them? "Why I confess replied the other, "they look extremely beautiful, but I am fearful that your grays will soon be converted into duns!"

A FRIEND who has just returned from the camp on the Rio Grande, furnishes the following as the manner in which a Dutchman, who was on sentry duty proclaimed the hour. The usual cry is, "Half-past ten o'clock, and all's well!" The Dutchman had forgotten the precise words, and sung out at the top of his voice, "More as den o'clock, and all ish better as goot!"

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naivete: "No madam I have been married for twenty-eight years."

MORALITY.—Keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next.

GENTLEMAN.—A man, with a long nine in his mouth, a sword cane in his hand, two cents in his pocket and no sense in his head.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. L. Hartford, N. Y. \$5.00; B. C. G. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$3.00; J. W. L. B. Sheffield, Ms. \$9.50; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$2.10; N. W. Weathersfield, Vt. \$1.00; E. H. Peru, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. Duaneburgh, \$1.00; E. W. Stephantown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Plainfield, Mich. \$3.00; P. McA. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$9.10; L. M. G. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Livingston, N. Y. \$9.75; C. H. W. New Haven East Mills, Vt. \$1.00; S. G. S. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; J. C. H. Cross River, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. St. Josephs, Mich. \$2.00; S. M. Bovina, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Hartford, N. Y. \$5.00; H. F. M. Brewerton, N. Y. 3.00; H. L. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Shelburne, Vt. \$32.00; Miss E. A. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$9.70.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Collins, Mr. George L. Smith, to Miss Ann Eliza Folger, daughter of the late Seth Folger, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. Alexander Carter, to Miss Catherine E. Decker, both of Hudson.

On the 11th inst. by Judge Peck, Mr. George H. Macy, to Miss Matilda Marshall, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. John Miller, of Ghent, to Miss Mary M. Morrison, of this city.

In Stockport on the 8th inst. by the Rev. H. Townsend, Mr. Wm. M. Peacock, to Miss Minerva Young, all of Stockport.

In Stockport, Oct 27, by the Rev Mr. Seavel, Mr. William H. Coons, to Miss Mary Mitteregger, both of this city.

At Catskill, on Wednesday evening 11th inst. in St. Lukes Church, by the Rector the Rev. L. L. Noble, Rev. John S. Kinney, to Miss Elizabeth T. Cook, daughter of the Hon. Thomas B. Cook all of that Village.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. G. N. Judd, Mr. Jeremiah Day, of Apalachicola, Florida, to Miss Emily C. Day, daughter of Orrin Day, Esq. of Catskill.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 17th inst. David Humphrey, Esq. in his 55th year.

On the 19th inst. Clarissa Griffith, in her 20th year.

On the 19th inst. Erastus Grandy, in his 22d year.

On the 20th inst. Mary, daughter of David Naven, aged 1 year, 1 month, and 19 days.

In Ghent, on the morning of the 12th inst. John Henry Kittle, in the 64th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, on the 16th inst. Peter I. Hoos, Esq. in the 62d year of his age.

In Clarkville, (Brookfield,) Madison, Co. N. Y. on the 18th inst. Mr. Payne Watt, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 104 years and 11 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY'S CHILD.

BY CATHERINE WEDD BARBER.

DEAR Louisa went as calmly to her last repose, as the shutting of a flower at twilight. As her sight began to fail, though about four o'clock in the afternoon, she said to me, "Good night papa," her usual words on going to sleep, and then went on to repeat,

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—A-a-men.

and so she left us, to weep and rejoice, and now to long almost for a reunion; not here, O! no, *not here!*—Letter from Rev. Lawrence Dindigal, Missionary to India.

"Good night papa!"

Oft when the twilight cometh
With its cooling breeze, and shutting flowers,
Shall those sweet words ring in imagination
On his ear, who toils a lonely teacher
Upon India's strand. A soft white hand shall
Steal into his own, and echoes of a
Murmured prayer float 'round him, waking
Memories of a sunny face, and tossing
Curis, and voice sweeter than ever was
Eolian harp, tuned by the fragrant
Summer breeze.

She slept! not the finish
Rest, where dreams of earth-scenes wander through
The brain, but that calm sleep, "which hath its
Waking where the Angels sing,"

Parent rejoice!
E'en in thy loneliness rejoice, for
Know thy bud shall blossom where the canker
Worm may never feed upon its heart, nor
Wind, nor storm, nor summer's scorching sun,
Nor autumn blast, can dim its beauty! Toil
Onward in the upward way, and if thy
Soul doth nearly faint amid its thorns, and
Half repining cast a glance at sinful
Pleasures left behind, remember that thy
Path ends where, with crown and harp, *Louisa*
Stands!

Columbus, Ga. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

ADVENT OF WINTER.

HEARD ye that deaf'ning roar,
From Arctic's frozen shore,
That came careering by?
See threat'ning Winter stand,
And lifting high his hand,
Proclaims through all the land
Summer must die.

Lo! shouting to his host,
Through all that northern coast
His standard high he rears;
While rallying round about,
From each an answering shout,
Comes boldly ringing out
With deaf'ning cheers.

There snow and hail and sleet,
Like brave compatriots meet,
And promptly take their stand:
Soon gay Jack Frost appears,
Ice gems bedeck his ears,
While Boreas gives three cheers
And joins the band.

Now marshalled on the plain,
Old Winter views again
With pride his heroes all:
No craven souls are there—
Brave warriors all they are,
Who by their leader dare
To stand or fall.

On, on the tyrant cries;
And lo! through northern skies
His vapor banners fly!
While storms of rattling hail
Are borne upon the gale,
Which with a dirge-like wail
Goes moaning by.

Now summer fruits decay,
And blossoms fade away,
And wither, droop and die;
E'en Sol with drend affright,
Shrinks from the sick'ning sight,
And shines with feeble light
Far in the sky.

Lo now the chilling breeze
Of verdure strips the trees
And leaves their branches bare,
While from each fragrant grove
The feathered tribe remove,
And chant their notes of love
No longer there.

Fierce drives the gathering snow,
The streams forget to flow,
And soon are locked in frost;—
While Summer with a moan,
Uttering a fearful groan
Reluctantly doth own
That all is lost.

O'er all his fallen foes,
Old Winter kindly throws
The funeral pall of death;
Hushed now is beast and bird,
No sound abroad is heard
Save when the trees are stirred
Before his breath.

Now masters of the field,
Their foes compelled to yield,
They hold a jubilee;
While high o'er all the throng,
Old Boreas famed for song,
In accents loud and long,
Shouts VICTORY!

A. H. M.

Middlebury, Vt. Nov. 1846

For the Rural Repository.

LEAVE ME ALONE.*

"Leave me alone"—though fainting and dying,
"Leave me alone"—mid the cannon's loud roar,
Go to the rescue, your country defending,
Fight while the eagle above you shall soar

"Leave me alone"—on the battle field lying,
"Leave me alone"—as the patriot to die,
The flag of my country o'er me still flying,
On thy plain Palo Alto forever to lie.

"Leave me alone"—the "Crisis" demands you
"Leave me alone"—Oh, how glorious to die
When your comrades victorious shouting around you
Rushing on to the battle go fearlessly by.

"Leave me alone"—I am weak and weary,
"Leave me alone"—I am falling to sleep,
In vision to see your immortal bright victory
Though patriots forever Palo Alto shall weep.

"Leave me alone"—my dim sight is fading
"Leave me alone"—my voice falters now,
All is extinguished but our flag still prevailing—
All is forgotten but the patriot's vow.

*The last words of the brave Baggell, who fell on the plain of Palo Alto, in the late battle with the Mexicans.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

"COMRADES ON! on to glory!
Sound the clarion, fatten fly,
Crimsoned deep, torn, and gory,
Still our flag shall wave on high!"

The hero seized the bloody brand
And onward with his daring band,
They leap amid the carnage cloud,
Where death shots thunder long and loud.

He boldly leaps 'mid blood and flame,
To win a vaunted, deathless name;
Till o'er the battle bugle's peal,
And sounding clang of horsemen's steel—
High o'er the cries of wild despair,
The shouts of triumph rend the air.

Lift the pall where shrouded in glory
Lies our hero, lifeless here,
Dost thou see his form, all gory,
Stretched upon our ruthless bier;

He died when glory wove a wreath,
To bind around the brow of Death;
He died when he had reached the height
That fired his soul to deeds of might.
I thought while bending o'er his brow,
('Tis strange these feelings move me now)
That had he died in other lands—
Had breathed his last 'mid kindred hands,
A loving bride would o'er him weep,
And gently close his eyes in sleep.

Fulton, N. Y. 1846.

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